

## **Shores of Lough Bran**

Sit you down loyal comrades sit you down for awhile  
While I spend my last hours on Erin's green isle  
Come fill up your glasses and we'll drink hand in hand  
For tomorrow I'll be leaving my home by Lough Bran

No more will I wander down Farnagh's green hill  
Nor the place I love fondest the bound by the mill  
Those green fertile valleys where so oft times I ran  
To inhale those fresh breezes by the shores of Lough Bran

There's my father and mother you can now hear them cry  
With their tears and bewailing would moisten their brow  
But I will attend them please God if I can  
Far far from lovely Leitrim and the shores of Lough Bran

On the incoming morning I will bid you adieu  
From Leitrim Drumbshambo and sweet Carrick too  
But no matter what fortunes I might meet on my way  
My thoughts will be with you by night and by day  
My thoughts will be with you as life's course it spans  
Far far from lovely Erin and the shores of Lough Bran